

THE
Tender Husband :
OR, THE
Accomplish'd Fools.
A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*,
By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by
Sir RICHARD STEELE.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

*Oportet ut is qui Audiat Cogitet plura quam
Videat.* Tull. de Oratore.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. T O N S O N at *Shakespeare's Head* over-
against *Katherine-Street* in the *Strand*. 1731.

THE

BRITISH MUSEUM

OF THE

COMMISSION



STATIONER

PRINTED

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THE

PRINTERS

AND

SELLERS



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TO
Mr. *ADDISON*.

S I R,



YOU'll be surpriz'd, in the
midst of a daily and familiar
Conversation, with an Address
which bears so distant an Air
as a publick Dedication: But
to put You out of the Pain which I know
this will give You, I assure You I do not
design in it, what would be very needless,
a Panegyrick on Your Self, or what per-
haps is very necessary, a Defence of the
Play.

DEDICATION.

Play. In the one I should discover too much the Concern of an Author, in the other too little the Freedom of a Friend.

My Purpose, in this Application, is only to show the Esteem I have for You, and that I look upon my Intimacy with You, as one of the most valuable Enjoyments of my Life. At the same time, I hope I make the Town no ill Compliment for their kind Acceptance of this Comedy, in acknowledging that it has so far rais'd my Opinion of it, as to make me think it no improper Memorial of an Inviolable Friendship.

I should not offer it to You as such, had I not been very careful to avoid every thing that might look Ill-natur'd, Immoral, or prejudicial to what the Better Part of Mankind hold Sacred and Honourable.

Poetry, under such Restraints, is an obliging Service to Human Society; especially when 'tis us'd, like Your Admirable

DEDICATION.

ble Vein, to recommend more useful Qualities in Your self, or immortalize Characters truly Heroick in others. I am, here, in danger of breaking my Promise to You, therefore shall take the only Opportunity that can offer it self of resisting my own Inclinations, by complying with Yours. I am,

S I R,

Your most Faithful,

Humble Servant,

Richard Steele.



PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. *ADDISON*,

Spoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

IN the first Rise and Infancy of Farce,
When Fools were many, and when Plays were scarce,
The Raw unpractis'd Authors could, with Ease,
A young and unexperienc'd Audience please:
No single Character had e'er been shown,
But the whole Herd of Fops was all their Own;
Rich in Originals, they set to View,
In ev'ry Piece, a Coxcomb that was new.

But now Our British Theatre can boast
Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking Host!
Fruitful of Folly and of Vice, it shows
Cuckolds, and Citts, and Bawds, and Pimps, and Beaux;
Rough-Country Knights are found of every Shire,
Of ev'ry Fashion gentle Fops appear;
And Punks of different Characters we meet,
As frequent on the Stage as in the Pit:
Our Modern Wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by Chance glean up a Fool:
Long ere they find the necessary Spark,
They search the Town and beat about the Park:
To all his most frequented Haunts resort,
Oft dog him to the Ring, and oft to Court;
As love of Pleasure, or of Place invites:
And sometimes catch him taking Snuff at White's.

Howe'er.

PROLOGUE.

Howe'er, to do you Right, the present Age
Breeds very hopeful Monsters for the Stage;
That scorn the Paths their dull Forefathers trod,
And won't be Blockheads in the common Road.
Do but survey this Crowded House to Night:
—Here's still Encouragement for those that Write.

Our Author, to divert his Friends to-Day,
Stocks with Variety of Fools his Play;
And that there may be something Gay, and New;
Two Ladies Errant has expos'd to View:
The first a Damsel, travell'd in Romance;
The t'other more refin'd; she come's from France:
Rescue, like Courteous Knights, the Nymph from Danger;
And kindly Treat, like Well-bred Men, the Stranger.





A
S O N G

Design'd for the Fourth A C T,
but not Set.

I.

SEE, Britons, see with awful Eyes,
Britannia from her Seas arise!
Ten Thousand Billows round me roar,
While Winds and Waves engage,
That break in Froth upon my Shore,
And impotently rage.
Such were the Terrors, which of late
Surrounded my afflicted State;
United Fury thus was bent
On my devoted Seats,
'Till all the mighty Force was spent
In feeble Swells, and empty Threats,

II.

But now with rising Glory crown'd,
My Joys run high, they know no Bound;
Tides of unruly Pleasure flow
Through ev'ry swelling Vein,
New Raptures in my Bosom glow,
'And warm me up to Youth again.
Passing Poms my Streets adorn;
Captive Spoils, in Triumph born,
Standards of Gauls, in Fight subdu'd,
Colours in Hostile Blood embru'd,
Ensigns of Tyrannic Might,
Foes to Equity and Right,

*In Courts of British Justice wave on high,
 Sacred to Law and Liberty.
 My crowded Theatres repeat,
 In Songs of Triumph, the Defeat.
 Did ever joyful Mother see
 So bright, so brave a Progeny!
 Daughters with so much Beauty crown'd,
 Or Sons for Valour so renown'd!*

III.

*But oh I gaze, and seek in vain
 To find amidst this warlike Train
 My absent Sons, that us'd to grace
 With decent Pride this joyous Place:
 Unhappy Youths! how do my Sorrows rise,
 Swell my Breast, and melt my Eyes,
 While I your mighty Loss deplore?
 Wild, and raging with Distress
 I mourn, I mourn my own Success,
 And boast my Victories no more.
 Unhappy Youths! far from their native Sky,
 On Danube's Banks interr'd they lie.
 Germania, give me back my Slain,
 Give me my slaughter'd Sons again.
 Was it for this they rang'd so far,
 To free thee from oppressive War?
 Germania, &c.*

IV.

*Tears of Sorrow while I shed
 O'er the Manes of my Dead,
 Lasting Altars let me raise
 To my living Heroes Praise;
 Heav'n give them a longer Stay,
 As glorious Actions to display,
 Or perish on as great a Day.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir Harry Gubbin.

Humphry Gubbin.

Mr. Tipkin.

Clerimont Sen.

Capt. Clerimont.

Mr. Pounce.

Mr. Bullock.

Mr. Pinkethman.

Mr. Norris.

Mr. Mills.

Mr. Wilks.

Mr. Estcourt.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Clerimont.

Aunt.

Neice.

Fainlove.

Jenny, Maid to Mrs. Clerimont.

Mrs. Crofs.

Mrs. Powell.

Mrs. Oldfauld.

Mrs. Kent.

Mrs. Sapsford.



THE



THE
Tender Husband;
OR, THE
ACCOMPLISH'D FOOLS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Clerimont Sen. and Fainlove.

CLERIMONT Sen.



ELL, Mr. *Fainlove*, how do you go on in your Amour with my Wife?

Fain. I am very civil and very distant; if she smiles or speaks, I bow and gaze at her—— Then throw down my Eyes, as if oppress'd by fear of Offence, then steal a Look again 'till she again sees me—— This is my general Method.

Cler. Sen. And 'tis right—— For such a fine Lady has no Guard to her Virtue, but her Pride; therefore you must

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must constantly apply your self to that: But dear *Lucy*, as you have been a very faithful, but a very costly Wench to me, so my Spouse also has been constant to my Bed, but careless of my Fortune.

Fain, Ah! my Dear, how could you leave your poor *Lucy*, and run into *France* to see Sights, and show your Gallantry with a Wife? Was not that unnatural?

Cler. Sen. She brought me a noble Fortune, and I thought she had a right to share it: Therefore carried her to see the World, forsooth, and make the Tour of *France* and *Italy*, where she learn'd to lose her Money gracefully, to admire every Vanity in our Sex, and condemn every Virtue in her own, which with ten thousand other Perfections, are the ordinary Improvements of a Travell'd Lady. Now I can neither mortify her Vanity that I may live at ease with her, or quite discard her, 'till I have catch'd her a little enlarging her innocent Freedoms, as she calls 'em: For this end I am content to be a *French* Husband, tho' now and then with the secret Pangs of an *Italian* one; and therefore, Sir, or Madam, you are thus equipp'd to attend and accost her Ladyship: It concerns you to be diligent: If we wholly part — I need say no more; If we do not — I'll see thee well provided for.

Fain. I'll do all I can, I warrant you, but you are not to expect I'll go much among the Men.

Cler. Sen. No, no, you must not go near Men, you are only (when my Wife goes to a Play) to sit in a side Box with pretty Fellows — I don't design you to personate a real Man, you are only to be a pretty Gentleman — Not to be of any Use or Consequence in the World, as to your self, but meerly as a Property to others; such as you see now and then have a Life in the Intail of a great Estate, that seem to have come into the World only to be Taggs in the Pedigree of a wealthy House — You must have seen many of that Species.

Fain.



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Fain. I apprehend you, such as stand in Assemblies, with an indolent Softness and Contempt of all around 'em; who make a Figure in publick, and are scorn'd in Private; I have seen such a one with a Pocket Glass to see his own Face, and an affected Perspective to know others. *[Imitates each.*

Cler. Sen. Ay, ay, that's my Man ——— Thou dear Rogue.

Fain. Let me alone ——— I'll lay my Life I'll horn you, that is I'll make it appear I might if I could.

Cler. Sen. Ay, that will please me quite as well.

Fain. To shew you the Progress I have made, I last Night won of her five hundred Pounds, which I have brought you safe. *[Giving him Bills.*

Cler. Sen. Oh the damn'd Vice! That Women can imagine all Household Care, regard to Posterity, and fear of Poverty, must be sacrific'd to a Game at Cards ——— Suppose she had not had it to pay, and you had been capable of finding your Account another Way ———

Fain. That's but a Suppose ———

Cler. Sen. I say, she must have comply'd with every thing you ask'd ———

Fain. But she knows you never limit her Expences — I'll gain him from her for ever if I can ———

[aside.

Cler. Sen. With this you have repaid me two thousand Pound, and if you did not refund thus honestly, I could not have supply'd her ——— We must have parted.

Fain. Then you shall part — if t'other way fails. *[aside.]* However, I can't blame your Fondness of her, she has so many entertaining Qualities with her Vanity ——— Then she has such a pretty unthinking Air, while she saunters round a Room, and prattles Sentences ———

Cler. Sen. That was her Turn from her Infancy, she always had a great Genius for knowing every thing

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thing, but what it was necessary she should — The Wits of the Age, the great Beauties, and short-liv'd People of Vogue, were always her Discourse and Imitation — Thus the Case stood when she went to France; but her fine Follies improv'd so daily, that tho' I was then proud of her being call'd Mr. *Clerimont's* Wife, I am now as much out of Countenance to hear my self call'd Mrs. *Clerimont's* Husband, so much is the Superiority of her side.

Fain. I am sure if ever I gave my self a little Liberty, I never found you so indulgent.

Cler. Sen. I should have the whole Sex on my Back, should I pretend to retrench a Lady so well visited as mine is — Therefore I must bring it about that it shall appear her own Act, if she reforms; or else I shall be pronounc'd Jealous, and have my Eyes pull'd out for being open — But I hear my Brother *Jack* coming, who, I hope, has brought yours with him — Hist, not a Word.

Enter Captain Clerimont and Pounce.

Cler. I have found him out at last, Brother, and brought you the Obsequious Mr. *Pounce*, I saw him at a distance in a Crowd, whispering in their Turns with all about him — He is a Gentleman so receiv'd, so courted, and so trusted —

Pounce. I am very glad if you saw any thing like that, if the Approbation of others can recommend me (where I much more desire it) to this Company —

Cler. Oh, the Civil Person — But, dear *Pounce*, you know I am your profess'd Admirer; I always celebrated you for your excellent Skill and Address, for that happy Knowledge of the World, which makes you seem Born for living with the Persons you are with, where-ever you come — Now my Brother and I want your help in a Business that requires a little more Dexterity than we our selves are Masters of.

Pounce,

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Pounce. You know, Sir, my Character is helping the Distress'd, which I do freely and without reserve; while others are for distinguishing rigidly on the Justice of the Occasion, and so lose the Grace of the Benefit — Now, 'tis my Profession to assist a free-hearted young Fellow against an unnatural long-liv'd Father—to disencumber Men of Pleasure of the Vexation of unwieldy Estates, to support a feeble Title to an Inheritance, to —

Cler. Sen. I have been well acquainted with your Merits, ever since I saw you with so much Compassion prompt a stammering Witness in *Westminster-hall* — that wanted Instruction — I love a Man that can venture his Ears with so much Bravery for his Friend —

Pounce. Dear Sir, spare my Modesty, and let me know to what all this Panegyrick tends.

Cler. Sen. Why, Sir, what I would say is in behalf of my Brother the Captain here, whose Misfortune it is that I was born before him.

Pounce. I am confident he had rather you should have been so than any other Man in *England*.

Cler. You do me Justice, Mr. *Pounce* — But, tho' 'tis to that Gentleman, I am still a younger Brother, and you know we that are so, are generally condemn'd to Shops, Colleges, or Inns of Court.

Pounce. But, you Sir, have escap'd 'em, you have been Trading in the Noble Mart of *Glory* —

Cler. That's true — But the General makes such haste to finish the War, that we red Coats may be soon out of Fashion — and then I am a Fellow of the most easie indolent Disposition in the World! I hate all manner of Business.

Pounce. A compos'd Temper, indeed!

Cler. In such a Case I should have no way of Livelihood, but calling over this Gentleman's Dogs in the Country, drinking his Stale Beer to the Neighbourhood, or marrying a Fortune.

Cler.

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Cler. Sen. To be short, *Pounce*—I am putting *Jack* upon Marriage, and you are so publick an Envoy, or rather Plenipotentiary, from the very different Nations of *Cheapside*, *Covent-Garden*, and *St. James's*; you have too the Mien and Language of each Place so naturally, that you are the properest Instrument I know in the World, to help an honest young Fellow to Favour in one of 'em, by Credit in the other.

Pounce. By what I understand of your many Prefaces, Gentlemen, the purpose of all this is—That it would not in the least discompose this Gentleman's easie indolent Disposition to fall into Twenty thousand Pounds, tho' it came upon him never so suddenly.

Cler. You are a very discerning Man—How could you see so far through me, as to know I love a fine Woman, pretty Equipage, good Company, and a clean Habitation?

Pounce. Well tho' I am so much a Conjuror—What then?

Cler. Sen. You know a certain Person, into whose Hands you now and then recommend a young Heir, to be reliev'd from the Vexation of Tenants, Taxes, and so forth—

Pounce. What! My worthy Friend and City-Patron *Hezekiah Tipkin*, Banker in *Lombard-Street*, would the Noble Captain lay any Sums in his Hands?

Cler. No—But the Noble Captain would have Treasure out of his Hands—You know his Neice.

Pounce. To my knowledge Ten thousand Pounds in Money.

Cler. Such a Stature, such a blooming Countenance so easie a Shape!

Pounce. In Jewels of her Grandmother's Five thousand—

Cler. Her Wit so lively, her Mien so alluring!

Pounce. In Land a thousand a Year.

Cler. Her Lips have that certain Prominence, that swelling Softness that they invite to a Pressure; her Eyes that languish, that they give Pain, tho' they look only

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only inclin'd to Rest——Her whole Person that one Charm——

Pounce. Raptures! Raptures!

Cler. How can it, so insensibly to it self, lead us through Cares it knows not, thro' such a Wilderness of Hopes, Fears, Joys, Sorrows, Desires, Despairs, Extasies and Torments, with so sweet, yet so anxious Vicissitude!——

Pounce. Why I thought you had never seen her——

Cler. No more I han't.

Pounce. Who told you then of her inviting Lips, her soft sleepy Eyes——

Cler. You your self——

Pounce. Sure you rave, I never spoke of her afore to you.

Cler. Why, you won't face me down——Did you not just now say, she had Ten thousand Pounds in Money, five in Jewels, and a Thousand a Year?

Pounce. I confess my own Stupidity and her Charms——Why, if you were to meet, you would certainly please her, you have the Cant of Loving; but, pray, may we be free——That young Gentleman——

Cler. A very honest, modest Gentleman of my Acquaintance, one that has much more in him, than he appears to have, you shall know him better, Sir; this is Mr. *Pounce*. Mr. *Pounce*, this is Mr. *Fainlove*; I must desire you to let him be known to you, and your Friends.

Pounce. I shall be proud——Well then, since we may be free, you must understand, the young Lady, by being kept from the World, has made a World of her own——She has spent all her Solitude in reading Romances, her Head is full of Shepherds, Knights, Flowery Meads, Groves and Streams, so that if you talk like a Man of this World to her you do nothing.

Cler. Oh, let me alone——I have been a great Traveller in Fairy-Land my self, I know *Oroondates*, *Cassandra*, *Astrea* and *Clelia* are my intimate Acquaintance.

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*Go my Heart's Envoys, tender Sighs make haste,
And with your Breath swell the soft Zephyr's Blast;
Then near that Fair One, if you chance to fly,
Tell her, in Whispers, 'tis for her I die.*

Pounce. That would do, that would do—her very Language.

Cler. Sen. Why then, dear *Pounce*, I know thou art the only Man living that can serve him.

Pounce. Gentlemen, you must pardon me, I am soliciting the Marriage Settlement between her and a Country-Booby, her Cousin *Humphrey Gubbin*, Sir *Harry's* Heir, who is come to Town to take Possession of her.

Cler. Sen. Well, all that I can say to the Matter is, that a thousand Pound on the Day of *Jack's* Marriage to her, is more than you'll get by the dispatch of those Deeds.

Pounce. Why, a Thousand Pound is a pretty thing, especially when 'tis to take a Lady fair out of the Hands of an obstinate ill-bred Clown, to give her to a gentle Swain, a dying enamour'd Knight.

Cler. Sen. Ay, dear *Pounce*—consider but that—the Justice of the thing.

Pounce. Besides, he is just come from the Glorious *Blenheim*! Look ye, Captain, I hope you have learn'd an implicit Obedience to your Leaders.

Cler. 'Tis all I know.

Pounce. Then, if I am to command—make not one step without me—And since we may be free—I am also to acquaint you, there will be more Merit in bringing this Matter to bear than you imagine—Yet right Measures make all things possible.

Cler. We'll follow yours exactly.

Pounce. But the great Matter against us is Want of Time, for the Nymph's Uncle, and 'Squire's Father, this Morning met, and made an end of the Matter—

But:

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But the difficulty of a thing, Captain, shall be no Reason against attempting it.

Cler. I have so great an Opinion of your Conduct, that I warrant you we conquer all.

Pounce. I am so intimately employ'd by old *Tipkin*, and so necessary to him—that I may, perhaps, puzzle things yet.

Cler. Sen. I have seen thee Cajole the Knave very dexterously.

Pounce. Why, really, Sir, generally speaking, 'tis but knowing what a Man thinks of himself, and giving him that, to make him what else you please—Now *Tipkin* is an absolute *Lombard-Street* Wit, a Fellow that drolls on the strength of Fifty thousand Pounds: He is call'd on *Change*, *Sky-Boots*, and by the force of a very good Credit, and very bad Conscience, he is a leading Person: But we must be quick, or he'll sneer old Sir *Harry* out of his Senses, and strike up the Sale of his Neice immediately.

Cler. But my Rival, what's he——

Pounce. There's some hopes there, for I hear the Booby is as averse as his Father is inclin'd to it—One is as Obstinate, as the other Cruel.

Cler. Sen. He is, they say, a pert Blockhead, and very lively out of his Father's sight.

Pounce. He that gave me his Character, call'd him a docile Dunce, a Fellow rather absurd, than a direct Fool—When his Father's absent, he'll pursue any thing he's put upon—But we must not lose time—Pray be you two Brothers at home to wait for any Notice from me—While that pretty Gentleman and I, whose Face I have known, take a Walk and look about for 'em—So, so—Young Lady— [*Aside to Fainlove.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Harry Gubbin and Tipkin.

Sir Har. Look y', Brother *Tipkin*, as I told you before, my Business in Town is to dispose of an hundred Head of Cattle, and my Son.

Tipkin

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Tip. Brother *Gubbin*, as I signified to you in my last, bearing Date *September 13th*, my Neice has a Thousand Pound *per Annum*, and because I have found you a plain-dealing Man (particularly in the easie Pad you put into my Hands last Summer) I was willing you should have the Refusal of my Neice, provided that I have a Discharge from all Retrospects while her Guardian, and One thousand Pounds for my Care.

Sir Har. Ay, but Brother, you rate her too high, the War has fetch'd down the Price of Women: The whole Nation is over-run with Petticoats; our Daughters lie upon our Hands, Brother *Tipkin*; Girls are Drugs, Sir, mere Drugs.

Tip. Look y', *Sir Harry*—Let Girls be what they will—a Thousand Pound a Year, is a Thousand Pound a Year; and a Thousand Pound a Year is neither Girl nor Boy.

Sir Har. Look y' Mr. *Tipkin*, the main Article with me is, that Foundation of Wives Rebellion, and Husband's Cuckoldom, that cursed Pin-Mony—Five hundred Pound *per Annum* Pin-Mony.

Tip. The Word Pin-Mony, *Sir Harry*, is a Term—

Sir Har. It is a Term, Brother, we never had in our Family, nor ever will—Make her Jointure in Widowhood accordingly large, but Four hundred Pound a Year is enough to give no account of.

Tip. Well, *Sir Harry*, since you can't swallow these Pins, I will abate to Four hundred Pounds.

Sir Har. And to mollifie the Article—as well as specify the Uses, we'll put in the Names of several Female Utensils, as Needles, Knitting-Needles, Tape, Thread, Scissors, Bodkins, Fans, Play-Books; with other Toys of that nature: And now, since we have as good as concluded on the Marriage, it will not be improper that the young People see each other.

Tip. I don't think it prudent 'till the very Instant of Marriage, lest they should not like one another.

Sir Har.

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Sir Har. They shall meet—As for the young Girl, she cannot dislike *Numps*; and for *Numps*, I never suffer'd him to have any thing he lik'd in his Life. He'll be here immediately; he has been train'd up from his Childhood under such a Plant as this in my Hand—I have taken Pains in his Education.

Tip. *Sir Harry*, I approve your Method; for since you have left off Hunting, you might otherwise want Exercise, and this is a subtle Expedient to preserve your own Health, and your Son's good Manners.

Sir Har. It has been the Custom of the *Gubbins* to preserve Severity and Discipline in their Families—I my self was caned the Day before my Wedding.

Tip. Ay, *Sir Henry*, had you not been well Cudgelled in your Youth, you had never been the Man you are.

Sir Har. You say right, Sir, now I feel the Benefit of—There's a Crab-Tree near your House which flourishes for the good of my Posterity, and has brush'd our Jackets, from Father to Son, for several Generations—

Tip. I am glad to hear you have all things necessary for the Family within your selves—

Sir Har. Oh, yonder, I see *Numps* is coming—I have dress'd him in the very Suit I had on at my own Wedding; 'tis a most becoming Apparel—

Enter Humphry Gubbin.

Tip. Truly, the Youth makes a good Marriageable Figure.

Sir Har. Come forward, *Numps*, this is your Uncle *Tipkin*, your Mother's Brother, *Numps*, that is so kind as to bestow his Neice upon you. (*don't be so Glum, Sirrah*) *don't bow to a Man with a Face as if you'd knock him down, don't, Sirrah.* [*Apart.*]

Tip. I am glad to see you, Cousin *Humphrey*—He is not Talkative, I observe already.

Sir Har. He is very shrowd, Sir, when he pleases; Do you see this Crab-stick, you Dog: [*Apart.*] Well *Numps*,

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Numps, don't be out of Humour. Will you talk?
[*Apart.*] Come, we're your Friends, *Numps*, come, Lad.

Hump. You are a pure Fellow for a Father. This is always your Tricks, to make a great Fool of one before Company. [*Apart to his Father.*]

Sir Har. Don't disgrace me, *Sirrah*: You grim Graceless Rogue—— [*Apart.*] Brother, he has been bred up to Respect and Silence before his Parents—— Yet did you but hear what a Noise he makes sometimes in the Kitchen, or the Kennel, he's the loudest of 'em all.

Tip. Well, *Sir Harry*, since you assure me he can speak, I'll take your Word for it.

Hump. I can speak when I see occasion, and I can hold my Tongue when I see occasion.

Sir Har. Well said, *Numps*—— *Sirrah*, I see you can do well, if you will. [*Apart.*]

Tip. Pray walk up to me, Cousin *Humphry*.

Sir Har. Ay, walk too and fro between us with your Hat under your Arm. Clear up your Countenance, [*Apart.*]

Tip. I see, *Sir Harry*, you han't set him a Capering under a French Dancing-Master: He does not mince it: He has not learn'd to walk by a Courant, or a Boree—— His Paces are natural——
Sir Harry.

Hump. I don't know but 'tis, so we walk in the West of England.

Sir Har. Ay, right *Numps*, and so we do——
Ha! ha! ha! Pray, Brother observe his Make, none of your Lath-back'd wishy washy Breed—— Come hither, *Numps*. Can't you stand still? [*Apart.*]
[*Measuring his Shoulders.*]

Tip. I presume this is not the first time, *Sir Harry*, you have measur'd his Shoulders with your Cane.

Sir Har. Look y', Brother, two Foot and an half in the Shoulders.

Tip.

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Tip. Two Foot and an half? We must make some Settlement on the younger Children.

Sir Har. Not like him, Quotha'!

Tip. He may see his Cousin when he pleases.

Hump. But hark y', Uncle, I have a Scruple I had better mention before Marriage than after.

Tip. What's that? What's that?

Hump. My Cousin, you know, is a-kin to me, and I don't think it lawful for a young Man to marry his own Relations.

Sir Har. Hark y', hark y', *Numps*, we have got a way to solve all that: *Sirrah!* Consider this Cudgel! Your Cousin! suppose I'd have you Marry your Grandmother; what then? [*Apart.*]

Tip. Well, has your Father satisfy'd you in the Point, Mr. *Humphry*?

Hump. Ay, ay, Sir, very well: I have not the least Scruple remaining; no, no—not in the least, Sir.

Tip. Then hark y', Brother, we'll go take a Whet and settle the whole Affair.

Sir Har. Come, we'll leave *Numps* here—he knows the Way. Not Marry your own Relations, *Sirrah!* [*Apart.*] [*Exeunt.*]

Hump. Very fine, very fine! How prettily this Park is stock'd with Soldiers, and Deer, and Ducks, and Ladies——Ha! where are the old Fellows gone? where can they be tro——I'll ask these People——

Enter Pounce and Fainlove.

Hump. Ha, you pretty young Gentleman, did you see my Father?

Fain. Your Father, Sir?

Hump. A Weezel-fac'd cross old Gentleman with Spindle-Shanks?

Fain. No, Sir?

Hump.

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Hump. A Crab-Tree Stick in his Hand?

Pounce. We han't met any Body with these Marks, but sure I have seen you before — Are not you Mr. *Humphrey Gubbin*, Son and Heir to Sir *Henry Gubbin*?

Hump. I am his Son and Heir — But how long I shall be so I can't tell, for he talks every Day of Disinheriting me.

Pounce. Dear Sir, let me embrace you — Nay, don't be offended if I take the Liberty to kiss you; Mr. *Fainlove*, pray [*Fainlove kisses*] kiss the Gentleman — Nay, dear Sir, don't stare and be surpriz'd, for I have had a desire to be better known to you ever since I saw you one Day clinch your Fist at your Father, when his Back was turn'd upon you — For I must own I very much admire a young Gentleman of Spirit.

Hump. Why, Sir, would it not vex a Man to the Heart, to have an old Fool snubbing a Body every Minute afore Company —

Pounce. Oh fie, he uses you like a Boy.

Hump. Like a Boy! He lays me on now and then, as if I were one of his Hounds — You can't think what a Rage he was in this Morning, because I boggled a little at Marrying my own Cousin.

Pounce. A Man can't be too scrupulous, Mr. *Humphry*, a Man can't be too scrupulous.

Hump. Sir, I could as soon love my own Flesh and Blood; we should squabble like Brother and Sister; do you think we should not? Mr. — Pray, Gentlemen, may I crave the Favour of your Names?

Pounce. Sir, I am the very Person that have been employ'd to draw up the Articles of Marriage between you and your Cousin.

Hump. Ay, say you so? Then you can inform me in some things concerning my self — Pray, Sir, what Estate am I Heir to?

Pounce. To Fifteen Hundred Pound a Year, an entail'd Estate —

Hump. I am glad to hear it with all my Heart; and can

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can you satisfie me in another Question — Pray how Old am I at present?

Pounce. Three and twenty last *March*.

Hump. Why, as sure as you are there, they have kept me back. I have been told by some of the Neighbourhood, that I was Born the very Year the Pigeon-house was built, and every Body knows the Pigeon-house is three and twenty — Why? I find there has been Tricks play'd me. I have obey'd him all along, as if I had been oblig'd to it

Pounce. Not at all, Sir; your Father can't cut you out of one Acre of Fifteen hundred Pound a Year.

Hump. What a Fool have I been to give him his Head so long.

Pounce. A Man of your Beauty and Fortune may find out Ladies enough that are not a-kin to you.

Hump. Look y', Mr. what d'ye call — As to my Beauty, I don't know but they may take a liking to that — But, Sir, mayn't I crave your Name?

Pounce. My Name, Sir, is *Pounce*, at your Service.

Hump. *Pounce*, with a *P* —!

Pounce. Yes, Sir, and *Samuel*, with an *S* —

Hump. Why then, Mr. *Samuel Pounce*, do you know any Gentlewoman that you think I could like? For, to tell you truly, I took an Antipathy to my Cousin, ever since my Father propos'd her to me — And since every Body knows I came up to be Married, I don't care to go down, and look balk'd.

Pounce. I have a Thought just come into my Head — Do you see this young Gentleman? He has a Sister, a prodigious Fortune — 'Faith you two shall be acquainted —

Fain. I can't pretend to expect so accomplish'd a Gentleman as Mr. *Humphry* for my Sister, but being your Friend, I'll be at his Service in the Affair.

Hump. If I had your Sister, she and I should live like two Turtles.

Pounce. Mr. *Humphry* you shan't be fool'd any longer,

26 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

ger, I'll carry you into Company; Mr. *Fainlove*, you shall introduce him to Mrs. *Clerimont's* Toilet.

Fain. She'll be highly taken with him—for she loves a Gentleman, whose Manner is particular.

Pounce. What, Sir, a Person of your Pretensions, a clear Estate, no Portions to pay! 'Tis Barbarous, your Treatment—Mr. *Humphry*, I'm afraid you want Money—There's for you—What, a Man of your Accomplishments? [Giving a Purse.]

Hump. And yet you see, Sir, how they use me—Dear Sir, you are the best Friend I ever met with in all my Life—Now I am flush of Money, bring me to your Sister, and I warrant you for my Behaviour—A Man's quite another thing with Money in his Pocket—you know.

Pounce. How little the Oaf wonders why I should give him Money! You shall never want, Mr. *Humphry*, while I have it—Mr. *Humphry*; but, dear Friend, I must take my leave of you, I have some extraordinary Business on my Hands. I can't stay: But you must not say a word—

Fain. But you must be in the way half an Hour hence, and I'll introduce you at Mrs. *Clerimont's*.

Pounce. Make 'em believe you are willing to have your Cousin *Bridget*, 'till opportunity serves; Farewel, dear Friend. [Ex. Pounce and Fain.]

Hump. Farewel, good Mr. *Samuel Pounce*—But let's see my Cash—'tis very true, the old Saying, a Man meets with more Friendship from Strangers, than his own Relations—Let's see my Cash, 1, 2, 3, 4, there on that side—1, 2, 3, 4, on that side; 'tis a foolish thing to put all ones Money in one Pocket, 'tis like a Man's whole Estate in one County—These five in my Fob—I'll keep these in my Hand, lest I should have a present Occasion—But this Town's full of Pick-pockets—I'll go home again.

[Exit Whistling]

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ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pounce, and Captain Clerimont with his Arm in a Scarf.

Pounce. YOU are now well enough instructed both in the Aunt and Neice to form your Behaviour.

Cler. But to talk with her apart is the great matter.

Pounce. The antiquated Virgin has a mighty Affectation for Youth, and is a great Lover of Men and Money — One of these, at least, I am sure I can gratifie her in, by turning her Pence in the Annuities, or the Stocks of one of the Companies; some way or other I'll find to entertain her, and engage you with the young Lady.

Cler. Since that is her Ladyship's turn, so busie and fine a Gentleman as Mr. *Pounce* must needs be in her good Graces.

Pounce. So shall you too — But you must not be seen with me at first Meeting, I'll dog 'em, while you watch at a Distance. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Aunt and Neice.

Neice. Was it not my Gallant that whistled so charmingly in the Parlour, before he went out this Morning? He's a most accomplish'd Cavalier.

Aunt. Come, Neice, come — You don't do well to make sport with your Relations, especially with a

28 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

young Gentleman that has so much kindness for you.

Neice. Kindness for me! What a Phrase is there to express the Darts and Flames, the Sighs and Languishings of an expecting Lover!

Aunt. Pray, Neice, forbear this idle Trash, and talk like other People. Your Cousin *Humphry* will be true and hearty in what he says, and that's a great deal better than the talk and compliment of Romances.

Neice. Good Madam, don't wound my Ears with such Expressions; do you think I can ever love a Man that's true and hearty! What a Peasant-like Amour do these coarse Words import? True and hearty! pray, Aunt, endeavour a little at the Embellishment of your Stile.

Aunt. Alack-a-day, Cousin *Biddy*, these idle Romances have quite turn'd your Head.

Neice. How often must I desire you, Madam, to lay aside that familiar Name, Cousin *Biddy*? I never hear it without blushing—Did you ever meet with an Heroine in those idle Romances as you call 'em, that was term'd *Biddy*?

Aunt. Ah! Cousin, Cousin—These are meer Vapours, indeed—Nothing but Vapours—

Neice. No, the Heroine has always something soft and engaging in her Name—Something that gives us a Notion of the sweetness of her Beauty and Behaviour. A Name that glides through half a dozen tender Syllables, as *Elismonda*, *Clidamira*, *Deidamia*, that runs upon Vowels off the Tongue, not hissing through ones Teeth, or breaking them with Consonants—'Tis strange Rudeness those familiar Names they give us, when there is *Aurelia*, *Sacharissa*, *Gloriana*, for People of Condition; and *Celia*, *Chloris*, *Corinna*, *Mopsa*, for their Maids, and those of lower Rank.

Aunt. Look y', *Biddy*, this is not to be supported—I know not where you learn'd this Nicety; but I can tell you, forsooth, as much as you despise it, your
Mo-

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Mother was a *Bridget* afore you, and an excellent House-Wife.

Neice. Good Madam, don't upbraid me with my Mother *Bridget*, and an excellent House-Wife.

Aunt. Yes, I say, she was, and spent her time in better Learning than you ever did—not in reading of Fights and Battles of Dwarfs and Giants; but in writing out Receipts for Broths, Posssets, Caudles, and Surfeit-Waters, as became a good Country Gentlewoman.

Neice. My Mother, and a *Bridget*!

Aunt. Yes, *Neice*, I say again, your Mother, my Sister, was a *Bridget*! the Daughter of her Mother *Margery*, of her Mother *Sisby*, of her Mother *Alice*.

Neice. Have you no Mercy? Oh, the barbarous Genealogy!

Aunt. Of her Mother *Winifred*, of her Mother *Joan*.

Neice. Since you will run on, then I must needs tell you I am not satisfy'd in the point of my Nativity. Many an Infant has been plac'd in a Cottage with obscure Parents, 'till by chance some ancient Servant of the Family has known it by its Marks.

Aunt. Ay, you had best be search'd—That's like your calling the Winds the fanning Gales, before I don't know how much Company, and the Tree that was blown by it, had, forsooth, a Spirit imprison'd in the Trunk of it.

Neice. Ignorance!

Aunt. Then a Cloud this Morning had a flying Dragon in it.

Neice. What Eyes had you, that you could see nothing? For my Part I look upon it to be a Prodigy, and expect something extraordinary will happen to me before Night—But you have a gross Relish of Things. What noble Descriptions in Romances had been lost, if the Writers had been Persons of your Goust?

30 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

Aunt. I wish the Authors had been hang'd, and their Books burnt, before you had seen 'em.

Neice. Simplicity!

Aunt. A parcel of improbable Lies.

Neice. Indeed, Madam, your Raillery is coarse—

Aunt. Fit only to corrupt young Girls, and fill their Heads with a thousand foolish Dreams of I don't know what.

Neice. Nay, now, Madam, you grow extravagant:

Aunt. What I say is not to vex, but advise you for your Good.

Neice. What, to burn *Philocles*, *Artaxeres*, *Oroondates*, and the rest of the Heroick Lovers, and take my Country-Booby, Cousin *Humphry*, for an Husband!

Aunt. Oh Dear, Oh Dear, *Biddy*! Pray, good Dear, learn to act and speak like the rest of the World; come, come, you shall marry your Cousin, and live comfortably.

Neice. Live comfortably! What kind of Life is that? A great Heiress live comfortably! Pray, Aunt, learn to raise your Idea's—What is, I wonder, to live comfortably?

Aunt. To live comfortably, is to live with Prudence and Frugality, as we do in *Lombard-Street*.

Neice. As we do—That's a fine Life, indeed, with one Servant of each Sex—Let's see how many things our Coachman is good for—He rubs down his Horses, lays the Cloth, whets the Knives, and sometimes makes Beds.

Aunt. A good Servant shou'd turn his Hand to every thing in a Family.

Neice. Nay, there's not a Creature in our Family, that has not two or three different Duties; as *John* is Butler, Footman and Coachman; so *Mary* is Cook, Landress and Chamber-maid.

Aunt. Well, and do you laugh at that?

Neice. No—not I—nor at the Coach-Horses, tho' one has an easie Trot for my Uncle's Riding, and t'other an easie Pace for your Side-Saddle—

Aunt

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Aunt. And so you jeer at the good Management of your Relations, do you?

Neice. No, I'm well satisfied that all the House are Creatures of Business, but, indeed, was in hopes that my poor little Lap-Dog might have liv'd with me upon my Fortune without an Employment, but my Uncle threatens every Day to make him a Turn-spit, that he too, in his Sphere, may help us to live comfortably——

Aunt. Hark y', Cousin Biddy.

Neice. I vow I'm out of Countenance, when our Butler, with his careful Face, drives us all stowed in a Chariot drawn by one Horse ambling, and t'other trotting, with his Provisions behind for the Family, from *Saturday Night* 'till *Monday Morning*, bound for *Hackney*——Then we make a comfortable Figure, indeed.

Aunt. So we do, and so will you always, if you marry your Cousin *Humphry*——

Neice. Name not the Creature.

Aunt. Creature! What, your own Cousin a Creature!

Neice. Oh, let's be going, I see yonder another Creature that does my Uncle's Law-Business, and has, I believe, made ready the Deeds, those barbarous Deeds!

Aunt. What, Mr. *Pounce* a Creature too! Nay, now I'm sure you're Ignorant——You shall stay, and you'll learn more Wit from him in an hour, than in a thousand of your foolish Books in an Age——Your Servant Mr. *Pounce*.

Enter Pounce.

Pounce. Ladies, I hope I don't interrupt any private Discourse.

Aunt. Not in the least, Sir.

Pounce. I should be loath to be esteem'd one of those, who think they have a Privilege of mixing in

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all Companies, without any Business, but to bring forth a loud Laugh, or vain Jest.

Neice. He talks with the Mien and Gravity of a *Paladin*. [*Aside.*]

Pounce. Madam, I bought the other Day at three and an half, and sold at Seven——

Aunt. Then pray, Sir, sell for me in time. *Neice*, mind him; he has an infinite deal of Wit——

Pounce. This that I speak of was for you——I never neglect such Opportunities to serve my Friends.

Aunt. Indeed, Mr. *Pounce*, you are, I protest, without flattery, the wittiest Man in the World.

Pounce. I assure you, Madam, I said last Night before an hundred Head of Citizens, that Mrs. *Barsheba Tipkin* was the most Ingenious young Lady in the Liberties.

Aunt. Well, Mr. *Pounce*, you are so facetious——But you are always among the great Ones——'Tis no wonder you have it.

Neice. Idle! Idle!

Pounce. But, Madam, you know Alderman *Grey-Goose*, he's a notable joking Man——Well, says he, here's Mrs. *Barsheba's* Health——She's my Mistress.

Aunt. That Man makes me split my Sides with Laughing, he's such a Wag——(Mr. *Pounce* pretends *Grey-Goose* said all this, but I know 'tis his own Wit, for he's in love with me.) [*Aside.*]

Pounce. But, Madam, there's a certain Affair I should communicate to you. [*Apart.*]

Aunt. Ay, 'tis certainly so——He wants to break his Mind to me. [*Captain Clerimont passing.*]

Pounce. Oh, Mr. *Clerimont*, Mr. *Clerimont*——Ladies, pray let me introduce this young Gentleman, he's my Friend, a Youth of great Virtue and Goodness, for all he's in a red Coat.

Aunt. If he's your Friend, we need not doubt his Virtue.

Cler. Ladies, you are taking the cool Breath of the Morning.

Neice.

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Neice. A pretty Phrase.

[*Aside*

Aunt. That's the pleasantest time this warm Weather.

Cler. Oh, 'tis the Season of the Pearly Dews, and gentle Zephyrs.

Neice. Ay! pray mind that again, Aunt. [*Aside.*

Pounce Shan't we repose our selves on yonder Seat, I love improving Company, and to communicate.

Aunt. 'Tis certainly so — He's in love with me, and wants Opportunity to tell me so — I don't care if we do — He's a most ingenious Man.

[*Exeunt Aunt and Pounce.*

Cler. We enjoy here, Madam, all the pretty Landships of the Country, without the Pains of going thither.

Neice. Art and Nature are in a Rivalry, or rather a Confederacy, to adorn this beauteous Park with all the agreeable Variety of Water, Shade, Walks and Air. What can be more charming than these flowery Lawns?

Cler. Or these gloomy Shades —

Neice. Or these embroider'd Vallies —

Cler. Or that transparent Stream?

Neice. Or these bowing Branches on the Banks of it, that seem to admire their own Beauty in the Crystal Mirrour?

Cler. I am surpriz'd, Madam, at the Delicacy of your Phrase — Can such Expressions come from Lombard-Street?

Neice. Alas! Sir, What can be expected from an innocent Virgin, that has been immur'd almost one and twenty Years from the Conversation of Mankind, under the care of an *Urganda* of an *Aunt*?

Cler. Bless me, Madam, how have you been abus'd! Many a Lady before your Age has had an hundred Lances broken in her Service, and as many Dragons cut to pieces in Honour of her.

Neice. Oh, the charming Man!

[*Aside.*

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Cler. Do you believe *Pamela* was one and twenty before she knew *Musidorus*?

Neice. I could hear him ever—— [Aside.]

Cler. A Lady of your Wit and Beauty might have given occasion for a whole Romance in Folio before that Age.

Neice. Oh, the Powers! Who can he be? Oh, Youth unknown! But let me, in the first Place, know whom I talk to, for, Sir, I am wholly unacquainted both with your Person, and your History—— You seem, indeed, by your Deportment, and the distinguishing Mark of your Bravery which you bear, to have been in a Conflict—— May I not know what cruel Beauty oblig'd you to such Adventures, till she pitied you?

Cler. Oh, the pretty Coxcomb! [Aside.]
Oh, *Bleinheim, Bleinheim!* Oh, *Cordelia, Cordelia!*

Neice. You mention the Place of Battel—— I would fain hear an exact Description of it—— Our publick Papers are so defective, they don't so much as tell us how the Sun rose on that glorious Day—— Were there not a great many flights of Vultures before the Battle began?

Cler. Oh, Madam, they have eaten up half my Acquaintance.

Neice. Certainly never Birds of Prey were so feasted—— by report, they might have liv'd half a Year on the very Legs and Arms our Troops left behind 'em.

Cler. Had we not fought near a Wood, we should ne'er have got Legs enough to have come home upon. The Joiner of the Foot-Guards has made his Fortune by it.

Neice. I shall never forgive your General—— He has put all my ancient Heroes out of Countenance. he has pull'd down *Cyrus* and *Alexander*, as much as *Louis-le-Grand*—— But your own part in that Action?

Cler.

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Cler. Only that slight hurt, for the Astrologer said at my Nativity — Nor Fire, nor Sword, nor Pike, nor Musquet shall destroy this Child, let him but avoid fair Eyes — But, Madam, mayn't I crave the Name of her that has captivated my Heart.

Neice. I can't guess whom you mean by that Description; but if you ask my Name — I must confess you put me upon Revealing what I always keep as the greatest Secret I have — for would you believe it — they have call'd me — I don't know how to own it, but they have call'd me — *Bridget.*

Cler. Bridget?

Neice. Bridget.

Cler. Bridget?

Neice. Spare my Confusion, I beseech you, Sir, and if you have occasion to mention me, let it be by *Parthenissa*, for that's the Name I have assum'd ever since I came to Years of Discretion.

Cler. The insupportable Tyranny of Parents, to fix Names on helpless Infants, which they must blush at all their Lives after! I don't think there's a Surname in the World to match it.

Neice. No! what do you think of *Tipkin*?

Cler. Tipkin! Why, I think if I was a young Lady that had it, I'd part with it immediately.

Neice. Pray how would you get rid of it?

Cler. I'd change it for another — I could recommend to you three very pretty Syllables — What do you think of *Clerimont*?

Neice. Clerimont! Clerimont! Very well — But what right have I to it?

Cler. If you will give me leave, I'll put you in Possession of it. By a very few Words I can make it over to you, and your Children after you.

Neice. Oh, fie! Whither are you running! You know a Lover should sigh in private, and languish whole Years before he reveals his Passion; he should retire into some solitary Grove, and make the Woods and wild Beasts his Confidants — You should have told it

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it to the Echo half a Year before you had discover'd it, even to my Hand-maid. And yet besides—to talk to me of Children—→ Did you ever hear of an *Heroine* with a Big-belly?

Cler. What can a Lover do, Madam now the Race of Giants is extinct? Had I liv'd in those Days, there had not been a Mortal six Foot high, but should have own'd *Parthenissa* for the Paragon of Beauty, or measur'd his length on the Ground———*Parthenissa* should have been heard by the Brooks and Desarts at Midnight———the Echo's Burden, and the River's Murmur.

Neice. That had been a Golden Age, indeed! But see my Aunt has left her Grave Companion, and is coming towards us———I command you to leave me.

Cler. Thus *Oroondates*, when *Statira* dismiss'd him her Presence, threw himself at her Feet, and implor'd Permission but to live. [Offering to Kneel.

Neice. And thus *Statira* rais'd him from the Earth, permitting him to live and love. [Exit *Cler.*

Enter Aunt.

Aunt. Is not Mr. *Pounce's* Conversation very improving, Neice?

Neice. Is not *Clerimont* a very pretty Name, Aunt?

Aunt. He has so much Prudence.

Neice. He has so much Gallantry.

Aunt. So sententious in his Expressions.

Neice. So polish'd in his Language!

Aunt. All he says, is, methinks, so like a Sermon.

Neice. All he speaks favours of Romance.

Aunt. Romance, Neice? Mr. *Pounce!* what favours of Romance?

Neice. No, I mean his Friend, the accomplish'd Mr. *Clerimont.*

Aunt. Fie, for one of you rYears to commend a young Fellow!

Neice.

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Neice. One of my Years is mightily govern'd by Example! You did not dislike Mr. *Pounce*.

Aunt. What, Censorious too? I find there is no trusting you out of the House—A Moment's fresh Air does but make you still the more in love with Strangers, and despise your own Relations.

Neice. I am certainly by the Power of an Enchantment plac'd among you, but I hope I this Morning employ'd one to seek Adventures, and break the Charm.

Aunt. Vapours, *Biddy*, indeed! Nothing but Vapours—Cousin *Humphry* shall break the Charm

Neice. Name him not—Call me still *Biddy*, rather than name that Brute. [*Exeunt. Aunt and Neice.*]

Enter Captain Clerimont and Pounce.

Cle. A perfect *Quixot* in Petticoats! I tell thee, *Pounce*, she governs her self wholly by Romance—It has got into her very Blood—She starts by Rule, and blushes by Example—Could I but have produc'd one Instance of a Lady's complying at first Sight, I should have gain'd her Promise on the Spot—How am I bound to curse the cold Constitutions of the *Philoclea's* and *Statira's*! I am undone for want of Precedents.

Pounce. I am sure I labour'd hard to favour your Conference; and ply'd the old Woman all the while with something that tickled either her Vanity or her Covetousness; I consider'd all the Stocks, old and new Company, her own Complexion and Youth, Partners for Sword-Blades, Chamber of *London*, Banks for Charity, and Mine-Adventures, 'till she told me I had the Repute of the most facetious Man that ever came to *Garraway's*—For you must know publick Knaves and Stock-Jobbers pass for Wits at her end of the Town, as common Cheats and Gamesters do at yours.

Cler.

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Cler. I pity the Drudgery you have gone through, but what's next to be done towards getting my pretty *Heroine*?

Pounce. What should next be done, in ordinary Method of things——You have seen her, the next regular Approach is, that you cannot subsist a Moment, without sending forth musical Complaints of your Misfortune by way of Serenade.

Cler. I can nick you there, Sir—— I have a Scribbling-Army-Friend, that has writ a triumphant, rare, noisie Song, in honour of the late Victory, that will hit the Nymph's Fantastique to a Hair, I'll get every thing ready as fast as possible.

Pounce. While you are playing upon the Fort, I'll be within, and observe what Execution you do, and give you Intelligence accordingly.

Cler. You must have an Eye upon Mr. *Humphry*, while I feed the Vanity of *Parthenissa*——For I am so experienc'd in these Matters that I know none but Coxcombs think to win a Woman by any desert of their own——No, it must be done rather by complying with some prevailing Humour of your Mistress, than exerting any good Quality in your self.

*'Tis not the Lover's Merit wins the Field,
But to themselves alone the Beauteous yield.*





ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Clerimont, Fainlove (carrying her Lap-Dog) and Jenny.

Jen. **M**Adam, the Footman that's recommended to you is below, if your Ladyship will please to take him——

Mrs. Cler. Oh, fie; don't believe I'll think on't—It is impossible he should be good for any thing——The *English* are so saucy with their Liberty——I'll have all my lower Servants *French*——There cannot be a good Footman born out of an absolute Monarchy——

Jen. I am beholden to your Ladyship, for believing so well of the Maid Servants in *England*.

Mrs. Cler. Indeed, *Jenny*, I could wish thou wer't really *French*; for thou art plain *English* in spite of Example——Your Arms do but hang on, and you move perfectly upon Joints. Not with a Swim of the whole Person——But I am talking to you, and have not adjusted my self to-day: What pretty Company a Glass is, to have another self! (*Kisses the Dog*) To converse in Soliloquy! To have Company that never contradicts or displeases us! The pretty visible Echo of our Actions (*Kisses the Dog*). How easie too it is to be disencumber'd with Stays, where a Woman has any thing like Shape, if no Shape, a good Air——But I look best when I'm talking.

[*Kisses the Lap-Dog in Fainlove's Arms*]

Jen. You always look well.

Mrs. Cler. For I'm always talking, you mean so, that disquiets thy sullen *English* Temper, but I don't really

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really look so well when I am silent — If I do but offer to speak — Then I may say that — Oh, bless me, *Jenny*, I am so pale, I am afraid of my self — I have not laid on half red enough — What a Dough-bak'd thing was I before I improv'd my self, and travell'd for Beauty — However, my Face is very prettily design'd to-day.

Fain. Indeed, Madam, you begin to have so fine an Hand, that you are younger every Day than other.

Mrs. Cler. The Ladies abroad us'd to call me *Mademoiselle Titian*, I was so famous for my Colouring; but prethee, Wench, bring me my black Eye-brows, out of the next Room.

Jen. Madam, I have 'em in my Hand.

Fain. It would be happy for all that are to see you to-day, if you could change your Eyes too.

Mrs. Cler. Gallant enough — No, hang it, I'll wear these I have on, this Mode of Visage takes mightily, I had three Ladies last Week came over to my Complexion — I think to be a fair Woman this Fortnight, 'till I find I'm ap'd too much — I believe there are an hundred Copies of me already.

Jen. Dear Madam, won't your Ladyship please to let me be of the next Countenance you leave off?

Mrs. Cler. You may, *Jenny* — but I assure you — it is a very pretty piece of ill-nature, for a Woman that has any Genius for Beauty, to observe the Servile Imitation of her Manner, her Motion, her Glances, and her Smiles.

Fain. Ay, indeed, Madam, nothing can be so ridiculous as to imitate the Inimitable.

Mrs. Cler. Indeed, as you say, *Fainlove*, the French Mien is no more to be learn'd, than the Language, without going thither — Then again to see some poor Ladies who have Clownish, Penurious, *English* Husbands, turn and torture their old Clothes into so many Forms, and dye 'em into so many Colours,
to

the ACCOMPLISH'D FOOLS. 41

to follow me——What say'st, *Jenny*? What say'st?
Not a Word?

Jen. Why, Madam, all that I can say——

Mrs. Cler. Nay, I believe, *Jenny*, thou hast nothing to say any more than the rest of thy Country-Women——The Splenaticks speak just as the Weather lets 'em——They are mere talking Barometers——Abroad the People of Quality go on so eternally, and still go on, and are Gay and entertain——In *England* Discourse is made up of nothing but Question and Answer——I was t'other Day at a Visit, where there was a profound Silence, for, I believe, the third Part of a Minute.

Jen. And your Ladyship there?

Mrs. Cler. They infected me with their Dulness, who can keep up their good Humour at an *English* Visit——They sit as at a Funeral, silent in the midst of many Candles——One, perhaps alarms the Room——'Tis very cold Weather——then all the Mute play their Fans——'till some other Question happens, and then the Fans go off again——

Boy. Madam, your Spinet-Master is come.

Mrs. Cler. Bring him in, he's very pretty Company.

Fain. His Spinet is, he never speaks himself.

Mrs. Cler. Speak, *Simpleton*! What then, he keeps out Silence, does not he——Oh, Sir, you must forgive me, I have been very idle——Well, you pardon me (*Master bows*——) Did you think I was perfect in the Song——(*Bows*) but pray let me hear it once more.

[*Let us see it*——*Reads*.

SONG.

*Wish studied Airs, and practis'd Smiles,
Flavia my Ravish'd Heart beguiles:
The Charms we make, are ours alone,
Nature's Works are not our own;*

Her

42 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

*Her skilful Hand gives ev'ry Grace,
And shows her Fancy in her Face.
She feeds with Art an am'rous Rage,
Nor fears the Force of coming Age.*

You sing it very well; but, I confess, I wish you'd
give more into the *French* Manner.
Observe me Hum it *A-la-Françoise*.

With studied Airs, &c.

The whole Person, every Limb, every Nerve sings—
the *English* Way is only being for that time a mere
Musical Instrument, just sending forth a Sound with-
out knowing they do so—Now I'll give you a little
of it, like an *English* Woman—You are to suppose
I've deny'd you twenty times, look'd silly, and all
that—Then with Hands and Face insensible—I
have a mighty Cold.

With studied, &c.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, Captain Clerimont, and a very strange
Gentleman, are come to wait on you.

Mrs. Cler. Let him and the very strange Gentleman
come in.

Fain. Oh! Madam, that's the Country Gentleman I
was telling you of.

Enter Humphry and Captain Clerimont.

Fain. Madam, may I do my self the Honour to re-
commend Mr. Gubbin, Son and Heir to Sir Harry Gub-
bin, to your Ladyship's Notice?

Mrs. Cler. Mr. Gubbin, I am extremely pleased with
your Suit, 'tis Antique, and originally from *France*.

Hump.

The ACCOMPLISH'D FOOLS. 43

Hump. It is always lock'd up, Madam, when I'm in the Country. My Father prizes it mightily.

Mrs. Cler. 'Twould make a very pretty dancing Suit in a Mask. Oh! Captain *Clerimont*, I have a Quarrel with you.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, your Ladyships Husband desires to know whether you see Company to-day or not?

Mrs. Cler. Who, you Clown?

Ser. Mr. *Clerimont*, Madam.

Mrs. Cler. He may come in.

Enter Clerimont Senior.

Mrs. Cler. Your very humble Servant.

Cler. Sen. I was going to take the Air this Morning in my Coach, and did my self the Honour, before I went, to receive your Commands, finding you saw Company.

Mrs. Cler. At any time when you know I do, you may let me see you. Pray, how did you sleep last Night? If I had not ask'd him that Question, they might have thought we lay together. [*aside.*] [*Here Fainlove looking thro' a Perspective, bows to Clerimont Senior.*] But, Captain, I have a Quarrel with you — I have utterly forgot those three Coupees you promis'd to come again, and shew me.

Cler. Sen. Then, Madam, you have no Commands this Morning?

Mrs. Cler. Your humble Servant, Sir — But, oh! [*As she is going to be led by the Captain.*] Have you sign'd that Mortgage to pay off my Lady Faddle's Winnings at Ombre?

Cler. Sen. Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Cler. Then all's well, my Honour's safe. [*Exit Clerimont. Sen.*] Come, Captain, lead me this Step — for I'm apt to make a false one — You shall shew me.

Cler.

44 The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,

Cler. I'll shew you, Madam, 'tis no matter for a Fiddle; I'll give you 'em the *French* way, in a teaching Tune. Pray more quick — *Oh Mademoiselle que saitez-vous — A moy —* There again — Now slide as it were with and without Measure — There you out-did the Gipsie — and you have all the Smiles of the Dance to a tittle.

Mrs. Cler. Why truly I think that the greatest Part — I have seen an *English* Woman dance a Jigg with the Severity of a vestal Virgin —

Hump. If this be *French* dancing and singing, I fancy I could do it — Haw! Haw! [*Capers aside.*]

Mrs. Cler. I protest, Mr. Gubbin, you have almost the Step, without any of our Country Bashfulness. Give me your Hand — Haw! haw! So, so, a little quicker, — That's right, Haw! Captain, your Brother deliver'd this Spark to me, to be diverted here 'till he calls for him. [*Exit. Clerimont.*]

Hump. This cutting so high makes one's Money jingle confoundedly: I'm resolv'd I'll never carry above one Pocket full hereafter.

Mrs. Cler. You do it very readily — You amaze me.

Hump. Are the Gentlemen in *France* generally so well-bred as we are in *England* — Are they, Madam, ha! But, young Gentleman, when shall I see this Sister? Haw! haw! haw! Is not the higher one jumps the better?

Fain. She'll be mightily taken with you, I'm sure. One would not think 'twas in you — You're so gay — and dance so very high —

Hump. What should ail me? Did you think I was Wind-gall'd? I can sing too, if I please — but I won't 'till I see your Sister — This is a mighty pretty House.

Mrs. Cler. Well do you know that I like this Gentleman extremely? I should be glad to 'form him — But were you never in *France*, Mr. Gubbin?

Hump. No — but I'm always thus pleasant, if my Father's not by — I protest I'd advise your Sister to have

The ACCOMPLISH'D FOOLS. 45

have me — I'm for marrying her at once — Why should I stand shilly-shally like a Country Bumkin?

Fain. Mr. *Gubbin*, I dare say she'll be as forward as you; we'll go in and see her. [Apert.]

Mrs. Cler. Then he has not yet seen the Lady he is in love with. I protest very new and gallant — Mr. *Gubbing*, she must needs believe you a frank Person. — *Fainlove*, I must see this Sister too, I'm resolv'd she shall like him.

*There needs not time true Passion to discover;
The most believing is the most a Lover.*

[Exeunt.]

Enter Neice sola.

Neice. Oh *Clerimont*! *Clerimont*! To be struck at first sight! I'm agham'd of my Weakness; I find in my self all the Symptoms of a raging Amour; I love Solitude, I grow pale, I sigh frequently, I call upon the Name of *Clerimont* when I don't think of it — His Person is ever in my Eyes, and his Voice in my Ears — Methinks I long to lose my self in some pensive Grove, or to hang over the Head of some warbling Fountain, with a Lute in my Hand, softning the Murmurs of the Water.

Enter Aunt.

Aunt. Biddy, Biddy; where's Biddy Pitkin?

Neice. Whom do you inquire for?

Aunt. Come, come, he's just a-coming at the Park Door.

Neice. Who is coming?

Aunt. Your Cousin *Humphry* — who should be coming? Your Lover, your Husband that is to be — Pray, my dear, look well, and be civil for your Credit, and mine too.

Neice. If he answers my Idea, I shall rally the Rustick to Death.

Aunt. Hift — here he is.

Enter

46 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

Enter Humphry.

Hump. Aunt, your humble Servant — Is that —
ha! Aunt?

Aunt. Yes, Cousin *Humphry*, that's your Cousin
Bridget. Well, I'll leave you together.

[Exit Aunt. They sit.]

Hump. Aunt does as she'd be done by, Cousin *Bridget*,
does not she, Cousin? Ha! What are you a *Londoner*,
and not speak to a Gentleman? Look y', Cousin, the
old Folks resolving to marry us, I thought it would be
proper to see how I lik'd you, as not caring to buy a
Pig in a Poke — for I love to look before I leap.

Neice. Sir, your Person and Address bring to my
mind the whole History of *Valentine* and *Orson*: What,
would they marry me to a wild Man? Pray answer
me a Question or two.

Hump. Ay, ay, as many as you please, Cousin *Bridget*.

Neice. What Wood were you taken in? How long
have you been caught?

Hump. Caught!

Neice. Where were your Haunts.

Hump. My Haunts!

Neice. Are not Clothes very uneasy to you? Is this
strange Dress the first you ever wore?

Hump. How!

Neice. Are you not a great Admirer of Roots, and
raw Flesh? — Let me look upon your Nails —
Don't you love Blackberries, Haws, and Pig-nuts,
mightily?

Hump. How!

Neice. Can't thou deny that thou wert suckled by
a Wolf? You han't been so barbarous, I hope, since
you came amongst Men, as to hunt your Nurse —
have you?

Hump. Hunt my Nurse? Ay, 'tis so, she's distracted
as sure as a Gun — Hark ye, Cousin, pray will you
let me ask you a Question or two?

Neice,

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Neice. If thou hast yet learn'd the use of Language, speak, Monster.

Hump. How long have you been thus?

Neice. Thus! What would'st thou say?

Hump. What's the Cause of it? Tell me truly now — Did you never love any Body before me?

Neice. Go, go, thou'rt a Savage. [*Rises.*]

Hump. They never let you go abroad, I suppose.

Neice. Thou'rt a Monster, I tell thee.

Hump. Indeed, Cousin, tho' 'tis a Folly to tell thee so — I am afraid thou art a mad Woman.

Neice. I'll have thee carried into some Forest.

Hump. I'll take thee into a dark Room.

Neice. I hate thee.

Hump. I wish you did — There's no Hate lost, I assure you, Cousin *Bridget*.

Neice. Cousin *Bridget*, Quoth'a — I'd as soon claim Kindred with a Mountain Bear — I detest thee.

Hump. You never do any harm in these Fits, I hope — But do you hate me in earnest?

Neice. Do'st thou ask it, ungentle Forester.

Hump. Yes, for I've a Reason, look ye. It happens very well if you hate me, and are in your Senses, for to tell you truly — I don't much care for you; and there is another fine Woman, as I am inform'd, that is in some hopes of having me.

Neice. This merits my Attention. [*Aside.*]

Hump. Look y' d'fee — as I said, since I don't care for you — I would not have you set your Heart on me — but if you like any Body else let me know it — and I'll find out a way for us to get rid of one another, and deceive the old Folks that would Couple us.

Neice. This wears the Face of an Amour — There is something in that Thought which makes thy Presence less insupportable.

Hump. Nay, nay, now you're growing fond; if you come with these Maids Tricks, to say you hate at first and afterwards like me, — you'll spoil the whole Design.

Neice.

48 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

Neice. Don't fear it — When I think of Conforting with thee, may the wild Boar defile the cleanly Ermin, may the Tiger be wedded to the Kid.

Hump. When I of thee, may the Pole-Cat Catterwaul with the Civet.

Neice. When I harbour the least Thought of thee, may the Silver *Thames* forget its Course.

Hump. When I like thee, may I be sows'd over Head and Ears in a Horse-pond — But do you hate me?

Enter Aunt.

Neice. For ever; and you me?

Hump. Most heartily.

Aunt. Ha, I like this — They are come to Promises — and Protestations. [*Aside.*

Hump. I am very glad I have found a way to please you.

Neice. You promise to be constant.

Hump. 'Till Death.

Neice. Thou best of Savages.

Hump. Thou best of Savages! Poor *Biddy*.

Aunt. Oh the pretty Couple joking on one another. Well, how do you like your Cousin *Humphry* now?

Neice. Much better than I thought I should — He's quite another thing than what I took him for — We have both the same Passion for one another.

Hump. We wanted only an Occasion to open our Hearts — *Aunt.*

Aunt. Oh, how this will rejoice my Brother, and Sir *Harry*! we'll go to 'em.

Hump. No, I must fetch a walk with a new Acquaintance, Mr. *Samuel Pounce*.

Aunt. An excellent Acquaintance for your Husband; come, *Neice*, come.

Neice. Farewel, *Rustick*!

Hump. Buy, *Biddy*!

Aunt. *Rustick*! *Biddy*! Ha! ha! pretty Creatures.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Captain Clerimont and Pounce.

Cler. DOES she expect me then, at this very Instant?

Pounce. I tell you, she order'd me to bring the Painter at this very Hour, precisely, to draw her Neice — for to make her Picture peculiarly Charming, she has now that down-cast pretty Shame, that warm Cheek, glowing with the Fear and Hope of to-day's Fate, with the inviting, coy Affectation of a Bride, all in her Face at once. Now I know you are a Pretender that way.

Cler. Enough, I warrant, to personate the Character on such an inspiring Occasion.

Pounce. You must have the Song, I spoke of, perform'd at this Window — at the end of which I'll give you a Signal — Every thing is ready for you, your Pencil, your Canvas stretch'd — your — Be sure you play your part in Humour: To be a Painter for a Lady, you're to have the excessive Flattery of a Lover; the ready Invention of a Poet; and the easie Gesture of a Player.

Cler. Come, come, no more Instructions, my Imagination out-runs all you can say: Be gone, be gone!

[Exit Pounce.]

A S O N G.

I.

WHY, lovely Charmer, tell me why,

So very kind, and yet so shy?

Why does that cold forbidding Air

Give Damps of Sorrow and Despair?

C

Or

50 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

*Or why that Smile my Soul subdue,
And kindle up my Flames anew?*

II.

*In vain you strive with all your Art,
By turns to freeze and fire my Heart :
When I behold a Face so fair,
So sweet a Look, so soft an Air,
My ravish'd Soul is charm'd all o'er,
I cannot love thee less nor more.*

After the Song Pounce appears beckoning the Captain.

Pounce. Captain, Captain.

[Exit Captain.]

S C E N E *Neice's Lodgings, two Chairs and a Table.*

Enter Aunt and Neice.

*Aunt. Indeed, Neice, I am as much overjoy'd to
see your Wedding-Day, as if it were my own.*

Neice. But, why must it be huddled up so?

*Aunt. Oh, my Dear, a private Wedding is much
better, your Mother had such a bustle at hers, with
Feasting and Fooling: Besides, they did not go to Bed
'till two in the Morning.*

*Neice. Since you understand things so well, I won-
der you never married your self.*

*Aunt. My Dear, I was very cruel thirty Years ago,
and no Body has ask'd me since.*

Neice. Alas-a-day!

*Aunt. Yet, I assure you, there were a great many
Matches propos'd to me——There was Sir Gilbert Jol-
ly, but he, forsooth, could not please; he drank Ale,
and smoak'd Tobacco, and was no fine Gentleman,
forsooth——but, then again, there was young Mr. Pe-
regrine Shapely, who had travell'd, and spoke French,
and smil'd at all I said; he was a fine Gentleman——*

but

The ACCOMPLISH'D FOOLS. 51

but then he was Consumptive: And yet again, to see how one may be mistaken; Sir *Jolly* dy'd in half a Year, and my Lady *Shapely* has by that thin Slip eight Children, that should have been mine; but here's the Bridegroom. So, Cousin *Humphry*!

Enter Humphry

Hump. Your Servant, Ladies——So, my Dear——

Neice. So, my Savage——

Aunt. O fie, no more of that to your Husband, *Biddy*.

Hump. No matter, I like it as well as Duck or Love: I know my Cousin loves me as well as I do her.

Aunt. I'll leave you together; I must go and get ready an Entertainment for you when you come home. *[Exit.*

Hump. Well, Cousin, are you constant?——Do you hate me still?

Neice. As much as ever.

Hump. What an Happiness it is, when Peoples Inclinations jump? I wish I knew what to do with you: Can you get no Body, d'ye think, to Marry you?

Neice. Oh! *Clerimont, Clerimont!* Where art thou? *[Aside.*

Enter Aunt, and Captain Clerimont disguis'd.

Aunt. This, Sir, is the Lady, whom you are to draw——You see, Sir, as good Flesh and Blood as a Man would desire to put in Colours——I must have her Maiden Picture.

Hump. Then the Painter must make haste——Ha, Cousin!

Neice. Hold thy Tongue, good Savage.

Cler. Madam, I'm generally forc'd to new-mould every Feature, and mend Nature's Handy-work; but here she has made so finish'd an Original, that I despair of my Copy's coming up to it.

C 2

Aunt.

52 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

Aunt. Do you hear that, Neice?

Neice. I don't desire you to make Graces where you find none.

Cler. To see the difference of the Fair Sex!—I protest to you, Madam, my Fancy is utterly exhausted with inventing Faces for those that sit to me. The first Entertainment I generally meet with, are Complaints for want of Sleep; They never look'd so pale in their Lives, as when they sit for their Pictures—Then so many Touches and Retouches, when the Face is finish'd—That Wrinkle ought not to have been, those Eyes are too languid, that Colour's too weak, that Side-look hides the Mole on the left Cheek. In short, the whole Likeness is struck out: But in you, Madam, the highest I can come up to will be but rigid Justice.

Hump. A comical Dog this!

Aunt. Truly, the Gentleman seems to understand his Business.

Neice. Sir, if your Pencil flatters like your Tongue, you are going to draw a Picture that won't be at all like me. Sure I have heard that Voice somewhere. [*Aside.*

Cler. Madam, be pleas'd to place your self near me, nearer still, Madam, here falls the best Light—You must know, Madam, there are three kinds of Airs which the Ladies most delight in—There is your Haughty—your Mild—and your Pensive Air—The Haughty may be express'd with the Head a little more erect than ordinary, and the Countenance with a certain Disdain in it, so as she may appear almost, but not quite, inexorable: This kind of Air is generally heighten'd with a little knitting of the Brows— I gave my Lady *Scornwell* her choice of a dozen Frowns, before she could find one to her liking.

Neice. But what's the Mild Air?

Cler. The mild Air is compos'd of a Languish, and a Smile—But if I might advise, I'd rather be a Pensive Beauty; the Pensive usually feels her Pulse, leans on

The ACCOMPLISH'D FOOLS. 53

on one Arm, or sits ruminating with a Book in her Hand—which Conversation she is suppos'd to choose, rather than the endless Importunities of Lovers.

Hump. A comical Dog——

Aunt. Upon my word he understands his Business well; I'll tell you, Neice, how your Mother was drawn—She had an Orange in her Hand, and a Nosegay in her Bosom, but a Look so pure and fresh-colour'd, you'd have taken her for one of the Seasons.

Cler. You seem indeed, Madam, most inclin'd to the Pensive——The Pensive delights also in the fall of Waters, pastoral Figures, or any rural View suitable to a fair Lady, who with a delicate Spleen has retir'd from the World, as sick of its Flattery and Admiration.

Neice. No——since there is room for Fancy in a Picture, I would be drawn like the Amazon *Thalestris*, with a Spear in my Hand, and an Helmet on a Table before me——At a distance behind let there be a Dwarf, holding by the Bridle a Milk-white Palfrey——

Cler. Madam, the Thought is full of Spirit, and if you please, there shall be a *Cupid* stealing away your Helmet, to shew that Love shou'd have a Part in all gallant Actions.

Neice. That Circumstance may be very Picturesque.

Cler. Here, Madam, shall be your own Picture, here the Palfrey, and here the Dwarf——The Dwarf must be very little, or we shan't have room for him.

Neice. A Dwarf cannot be too little.

Cler. I'll make him a Blackamore, to distinguish him from the other too powerful Dwarf——(*sighs*) the *Cupid*——I'll place that beauteous Boy near you, 'twill look very Natural——He'll certainly take you for his Mother *Venus*,

Neice. I leave these Particulars to your own Fancy.

54 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

Cler. Please, Madam, to uncover your Neck a little; a little lower still — a little, little lower.

Neice. I'll be drawn thus, if you please, Sir.

Cler. Ladies, have you heard the News of a late Marriage between a young Lady of a great Fortune, and a younger Brother of a good Family?

Aunt. Pray, Sir, how is it?

Cler. This young Gentleman, Ladies, is a particular Acquaintance of mine, and much about my Age and Stature; (look me full in the Face, Madam) he accidentally met the young Lady, who had in her all the Perfections of her Sex; (hold up your Head, Madam, that's right) she let him know that his Person and Discourse were not altogether disagreeable to her — The Difficulty was how to gain a second Interview, (your Eyes full upon mine, Madam) for never was there such a Sigher in all the Vallies of *Arcadia*, as that unfortunate Youth, during the Absence of her he lov'd —

Aunt. A-lack-a-day — poor young Gentleman!

Neice. It must be he — what a charming Amour is this!

[*Aside.*

Cler. At length, Ladies, he bethought himself of an Expedient; he dress'd himself just as I am now, and came to draw her Picture, (your Eyes full upon mine, pray Madam.)

Hump. A subtle Dog, I warrant him.

Cler. And by that means found an Opportunity of carrying her off, and marrying her.

Aunt. Indeed your Friend was a very vicious young Man.

Neice. Yet perhaps the young Lady was not displeas'd at what he had done.

Cler. But, Madam, what were the Transports of the Lover, when she made him that Confession?

Neice. I dare say she thought her self very happy, when she got out of her Guardian's Hands.

Aunt. 'Tis very true, Neice — There are abundance of those Head-strong young Baggages about Town.

Cler.

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Cler. The Gentleman has often told me, he was strangely struck at first Sight; but when she sat to him for her Picture, and assum'd all those Graces that are proper for the Occasion — his Torment was so exquisite, his Passion so violent, that he could not have liv'd a Day, had he not found means to make the Charmer of his Heart his own.

Hump. 'Tis certainly the foolishhest thing in the World to stand shilly-shally about a Woman, when one has a Mind to marry her.

Cler. The young Painter turn'd Poet on the Subject; I believe I have the Words by heart.

Noice. A Sonnet! pray repeat it.

I.

*While gentle Parthenissa walks,
And sweetly smiles, and gaily Talks,
A thousand Shafts around her fly,
A thousand Swains unheeded die.*

II.

*If then she labours to be seen,
With all her killing Air and Mien;
From so much Beauty, so much Art,
What Mortal can secure his Heart?*

Hump. I fancy if 'twas sung, 'twould make a very pretty Catch.

Cler. My Servant has a Voice, you shall hear it.

[Here it is Sung.]

Aunt. Why this is pretty? I think a Painter should never be without a good Singer — It brightens the Features strangely — I profess I'm mightily pleas'd, I'll but just step in, and give some Orders, and be with you presently.

[Exit.]

Noice. Was not this adventurous Painter call'd Clerimont?

56 The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,

Cler. It was *Clerimont* the Servant of *Parthenissa*, but let me beseech that beauteous Maid to resolve, and make the Incident I feign'd to her a real one— Consider, Madam, you are environ'd by cruel and treacherous Guards, which would force you to a disagreeable Marriage, your case is exactly the same with the Princess of the *Leontines* in *Clelia*.

Neice. How can we commit such a Solecism against all Rules! What, in the first Leaf of our History to have the Marriage? You know it cannot be.

Cler. The pleasantest part of the History will be after Marriage.

Neice. No! I never yet read of a Knight that entered Tilt or Tournament after Wedlock—'tis not to be expected—when the Husband begins, the Heroe ends; all that noble Impulse to Glory, all the generous Passion for Adventures is consum'd in the Nuptial Torch; I don't know how it is, but *Mars* and *Hymen* never hit it.

Hump. *Liftning*] Consum'd in the Nuptial Torch! *Mars* and *Hymen*! What can all this mean—I am very glad I can hardly read—They could never get these foolish Fancies into my Head—I had always a strong Brain. [*Aside.*] Harky' Cousin, is not this Painter a comical Dog?

Neice. I think he's very agreeable Company—

Hump. Why then I tell you what—marry him—A Painter's a very genteel Calling—He's an ingenious Fellow, and certainly Poor. I fancy he'd be glad on't; I'll keep my Aunt out of the Room a Minute or two, that's all the Time you have to consider—[*Exit.*]

Cler. Fortune points out to us this only occasion of our Happiness: Love's of Cœlestial Origin, and needs no long Acquaintance to be manifest. Lovers like Angels speak by Intuition—Their Souls are in their Eyes—

Neice. Then I fear he sees mine. [*aside.*] But I can't think of abridging our Amours, and cutting off all farther decoration of Disguise, Serenade, and Adventure.

Cler.

The ACCOMPLISH'D FOOLS. 57

Cler. Nor would I willingly lose the Merit of long Services, Midnight Sighs, and plaintive Solitudes — Were there not a Necessity.

Neice. Then to be seiz'd by Stealth!

Cler. Why, Madam, you are a great Fortune, and should not be married the common way. Indeed, Madam, you ought to be stol'n, nay, in strictness, I don't know but you ought to be ravish'd.

Neice. But then our History will be so short.

Cler. I grant it, but you don't consider there's a Device in another's leading you instead of this Person that's to have you; and, Madam, tho' our Amours can't furnish out a Romance, they'll make a very pretty Novel — Why smiles my Fair?

Neice. I am almost of Opinion, that had *Oroondates* been as pressing as *Clerimont*, *Cassandra* had been but a Pocket-Book: But it looks so ordinary, to go out at a Door to be martied — Indeed, I ought to be taken out of a Window, and run away with.

Enter Humphry and Pounce.

Humph. Well, Cousin, the Coach is at the Door. If you please I'll lead you.

Neice. I put my self into your Hands, good Savage; but you promise to leave me.

Hump. I tell you plainly, you must not think of having me.

Pounce. [To *Cler.*] You'll have Opportunity enough to carry her off; the old Fellows will be busie with me — I'll gain all the Time I can, but be bold and prosper.

Neice. *Clerimont*, you follow us.

Cler. Upon the Wings of Love.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Clerimont Sen. and Fainlove.

Cler. Sen. **T**HEN she gave you this Letter, and bid you read it as a Paper of Verses?

Fain. This is the Place, the Hour, the lucky Minute——Now am I rubbing up my Memory, to recollect all you said to me when you first ruin'd me, that I may attack her right.

Cler. Sen. Your Eloquence would be needless——'tis so unmodish to need Perswasion: Modesty makes a Lady embarras'd——But my Spouse is above that, as for Example, [*Reading her Letter.*] 'Fainlove, You don't seem to want Wit——therefore I need say no more. 'than that Distance to a Woman of the World is becoming in no Man, but an Husband: An hour hence come up the back Stairs to my Closet.

Adieu Mon Mignon.

I am glad you are punctual, I'll conceal my self to observe your Interview——Oh, Torture! but this Wench must not see it—— [*Aside.*]

Fain. Be sure you come time enough to save my Reputation.

Cler. Sen. Remember your Orders, Distance becomes no Man but an Husband.

Fain. I am glad you are in so good Humour on the Occasion; but you know me to be but a Bully in Love, that can Bluster only 'till the Minute of Engagement——But I'll top my Part, and form my Conduct by my own Sentiments——If she grows Coy, I'll grow more Saucy——'Twas so I was won my self——

Cler.

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Cler. Sen. Well, my dear Rival—your Assignation draws nigh—you are to put on your Transport, your Impatient throbbing Heart won't let you wait her Arrival—Let the dull Family-thing and Husband, who reckons his Moments by his Cares, be content to wait, but you are a Gallant, and measure Time by Extasies.

Fain. I hear her coming—to your Post—good Husband know your Duty, and don't be in the way when your Wife has a Mind to be in private—To your Post, into the Cole-hole.

Enter Mrs. Clerimont.

Welcome my Dear, my tender Charmer——Oh! to my longing Arms——feel the Heart pan, that falls and rises as you smile or frown—Oh, the extatick Moment!

I think that was something like what has been said to me. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Cler. Very well—*Fainlove*—I protest I value my self for my Discerning——I knew you had Fire through all the Respect you shew'd me——But how came you to make no direct Advances, young Gentleman?—Why was I forc'd to admonish your Gallantry?——

Fain. Why, Madam, I knew you a Woman of Breeding, and above the senseless Niceties of an *English* Wife——The *French* way is, you are to go so far, whether you are agreeable or not: If you are so happy as to please, no body that is not of a constrain'd Behaviour is at a Loss to let you know it—Besides, if the humble Servant makes the first Approaches, he has the Impudence of making a Request but not the Honour of obeying a Command.

Mrs. Cler. Right—a Woman's Man should conceal Passion in a familiar Air of Indifference—now there's Mr. *Clerimont*; I can't allow him the least Freedom, but the unfashionable Fool grows so fond of me. he cannot hide it in Publick——

Fain.

60 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

Fain. Ay, Madam, I have often wonder'd at your Ladyship's Choice of one that seems to have so little of the *beau monde* in his Carriage, but just what you force him to—while there were so many pretty Gentlemen———

[*Dancing.*

Mrs. Cler. O young Gentleman, you are mightily mistaken, if you think such Animals as you, and pretty *Beau Titmouse*, and pert *Billy Butterfly*, tho' I suffer you to come in, and play about my Rooms, are any ways in competition with a Man whose Name one would wear.

Fain. Oh Madam! then I find we are———

Mrs. Cler. A Woman of Sense must have respect for a Man of that Character; but alas! Respect—What is Respect? Respect is not the thing——Respect has something too solemn for soft Moments——You things are more proper for Hours of Dalliance.

Cler. Sen. peeping.] How have I wrong'd this fine Lady!——I find I am to be a Cuckold out of her pure Esteem for me.

Mrs. Cler. Besides those Fellows for whom we have Respect, have none for us: I warrant on such an occasion *Clerimont* would have ruffled a Woman out of all Form, while you———

Cler. Sen. A good hint——now my Cause comes on.

[*Aside.*

Fain. Since then you allow us fitter for soft Moments, why do we misemploy 'em? Let me kiss that beauteous Hand, and clasp that graceful Frame.

Mrs. Cler. How, *Fainlove*! What, you don't design to be impertinent——But my Lips have a certain Roughness on 'em to-day, han't they?

Fain. kissing.] No——they are all Softness——Their delicious Sweetness is inexpressible——Here Language fails——Let me applaud Thy Lips not by the Utterance but by the Touch of Mine.

Enter Clerimont Sen. drawing his Sword!

Cler. Sen. Ha, Villain! Ravisher! Invader of my Bed and Honour! draw.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Cler. What means this Insolence— this Intrusion into my Privacy? What, do you come into my very Closet without knocking? Who put this into your Head?—

Cler. Sen. My Injuries have alarm'd me, and I'll bear no longer, but sacrifice your Bravado, the Author of 'em.

Mrs. Cler. O poor Mr. Fainlove— Must he die for his Complaisance, and innocent Freedoms with me? How could you, if you might? Oh! the sweet Youth! What, fight Mr. Fainlove? What will the Ladies say?

Fain. Let me come at the Intruder on Ladies private Hours— The unfashionable Monster— I'll prevent all future Interruption from him— Let me come ————

[Drawing his Sword.

Mrs. Cler. O the brave pretty Creature! Look at his Youth and Innocence— He is not made for such rough Encounters— Stand behind me— Poor Fainlove! ——— There is not a Visit in Town, Sir, where you shall not be display'd at full length for this Intrusion— I banish you for ever from my Sight and Bed.

Cler. Sen. I obey you, Madam, for Distance is becoming in no Man but an Husband— [Giving her the Letter which she reads, and falls into a Swoon.] I've gone too far— [kissing her.] The Impertinent was guilty of nothing but what my Indiscretion led her to— This is the first Kiss I've had these six Weeks— but she awakes—

Well, *Fenny*, you topp'd your part, indeed— Come to my Arms thou ready willing Fair One— Thou hast no Vanities, no Niceties, but art thankful for every Instant of Love that I bestow on thee ———

[Embracing her!

Mrs. Cler. What, am I then abus'd? Is it a Wench then of his? Oh me! Was ever poor abus'd Wife, poor innocent Lady thus injur'd!

[Runs and seizes Fainlove's Sword!

Cler. Sen

62 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

Cler. Sen. Oh the brave pretty Creature-----Hurt
Mr. Fainlove! Look at his Youth, his Innocence—
 Ha! ha! [Interposing.]

Fain. Have a Care, have a Care, dear Sir—I know
 by my self she'll have no Mercy.

Mrs. Cler. I'll be the Death of her—let me come
 on—Stand from between us, *Mr. Clerimont*—I
 would not hurt you. [Pushing and crying.]

Cler. Sen. Run, run, *Jenny.* [Exit Jenny.]

[Looks at her upbraidingly before he speaks.]

Well, Madam, are these the innocent Freedoms you
 claim'd of me? Have I deserv'd this? How has there
 been a Moment of yours ever interrupted with the
 real Pangs I suffer? The daily Importunities of Cre-
 ditors, who become so by serving your profuse Vani-
 ties: Did I ever murmur at supplying any of your
 Diversions, while I believ'd 'em (as you call 'em)
 harmless? Must then those Eyes that us'd to glad my
 Heart with their familiar Brightness, hang down with
 Guilt? Guilt has transform'd thy whole Person; nay,
 the very memory of it——Fly from my growing
 Passion.

Mrs. Cler. I cannot fly nor bear it——Oh! look
 not——

Cler. Sen. What can you say? speak quickly.

[Offering to draw.]

Mrs. Cler. I never saw you mov'd before——Don't
 murder me impenitent; I'm wholly in your Power as
 a Criminal, but remember I have been so, in a tender
 Regard.

Cler. Sen. But how have you consider'd that Re-
 gard?

Mrs. Cler. Is't possible you can forgive what you
 ensnar'd me into?——Oh, look at me kindly——You
 know I have only err'd in my Intention, nor saw my
 Danger, 'till, by this honest Art, you had shown me
 what 'tis to venture to the utmost Limit of what is
 lawful. You laid that Train, I'm sure to alarm, not
 to betray, my Innocence——*Mr. Clerimont* scorns
 such

The ACCOMPLISH'D FOOLS. 63

such Baseness! Therefore I kneel—I weep—I am convinc'd.

[Kneels.

[Takes her up embracing her.

Cler. Sen. Then kneel, and weep no more—my Fairest—my reconcil'd!—Be so in a Moment, for know I cannot (without wringing my own Heart) give you the least Compunction—Be in Humour—It shall be your own Fault, if ever there's a serious Word more on this Subject.

Mrs. Cler. I must correct every Idea that rises in my Mind, and learn every Gesture of my Body anew—I detest the thing I was.

Cler. Sen. No, no—You must not do so—Our Joy and Grief, Honour and Reproach, are the same; you must slide out of your Foppery by degrees, so that it may appear your own Act.

Mrs. Cler. But this Wench!—

Cler. Sen. She is already out of your Way—You shall see the Catastrophe of her Fate your self—But still keep up the fine Lady till we go out of Town—You may return to it with as decent Airs as you please—And now I have shewn you your Error, I'm in so good Humour as to repeat you a Couplet on the Occasion—

They only who gain Minds, true Laurels wear :

'Tis less to conquer, than convince, the Fair. [Exe.

Enter Pounce with Papers.

[*A Table, Chairs, Pen, Ink and Paper.*]

Pounce. 'Tis a delight to gall these old Rascals, and set 'em at variance about Stakes which I know neither of 'em will ever have Possession of.

Enter Tipkin and Sir Harry.

Tip. Do you design, Sir Harry, that they shall have an Estate in their own Hands, and keep House themselves, poor Things?

Sir Har.

64 The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,

Sir Har. No, no, Sir, I know better; they shall go down into the Country, and live with me, not touch a Farthing of Money, but having all Things necessary provided, they shall go tame about the House, and Breed.

Tip. Well, Sir Harry, then considering that all human Things are subject to change, it behoves every Man that has a just Sense of Mortality, to take care of his Money.

Sir Har. I don't know what you mean, Brother—What do you drive at, Brother?

Tip. This Instrument is executed by you, your Son, and my Neice, which discharges me of all Retrospects.

Sir Har. It is confess'd, Brother; but what then?

Tip. All that remains is, That you pay me for the young Lady's Twelve Years Board, as also all other Charges, as wearing Apparel, &c.

Sir Har. What is this you say? Did I give you my Discharge from all Retrospects, as you call it, and after all do you come with this and t'other, and all that? I find you are, I tell you, Sir, to your Face, I find you are——

Tip. I find too what you are, Sir Harry.

Sir Har. What am I, Sir? What am I?

Tip. Why, Sir, you are angry.

Sir Har. Sir I scorn your Words, I am not angry——Mr. Pounce is my Witness, I am as gentle as a Lamb——Would it not make any Flesh alive angry, to see a close Hunk come after all with a Demand of——

Tip. Mr. Pounce, pray inform Sir Henry in this Point?

Pounce. Indeed, Sir Harry, I must tell you plainly, that Mr. Tipkin, in this, demands nothing but what he may recover——For tho' this Case may be consider'd *Multifariam*; that is to say, as 'tis usually, commonly, *Vicatim*, or vulgarly express'd——Yet, I say, when we only observe, that the Power is settled as
the

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the Law requires, *Affensu Patris*, by the Consent of the Father — That Circumstance imports you are well acquainted with the Advantages which accrue to your Family, by this Alliance, which corroborates Mr. *Tipkin's* Demand, and avoids all Objections that can be made.

Sir Har. Why then, I find you are his Adviser in all this —

Pounce. Look'e Sir Harry, to show you I love to promote among my Clients a good Understanding, tho' Mr. *Tipkin* may claim Four Thousand Pound, I'll engage for him, and I know him so well, that he shall take Three thousand nine hundred and ninety eight Pound, four Shillings, and eight Pence Farthing.

Tip. Indeed, Mr. *Pounce*, you are too hard upon me.

Pounce. You must consider a little, Sir Harry is your Brother.

Sir Har. Three thousand nine hundred and ninety eight Pound, four Shillings, and eight Pence Farthing! For what I say? For what, Sir?

Pounce. For what, Sir! For what she wanted, Sir; a fine Lady is always in want, Sir — Her very Clothes would come to that Money in half the time,

Sir Har. Three thousand nine hundred and ninety eight Pound, four Shillings and eight Pence Farthing for Clothes! Pray how many Suits does she wear out in a Year?

Pounce. Oh, dear Sir, a fine Lady's Clothes are not old by being worn, but by being seen.

Sir Har. Well, I'll save her Clothes for the future. after I have got her into the Country — I'll warrant her she shall not appear more in this wicked Town, where Clothes are worn out by Sight — And as to what you demand, I tell you, Sir, 'tis Extortion.

Tip. Sir Harry, do you accuse me of Extortion?

Sir Har. Yes, I say Extortion.

Tip. Mr. *Pounce*, write down that — There are very good Laws provided against Scandal and Calumny — Loss of Reputation may tend to Loss of Money —

Pounce. Item, For having accus'd Mr. *Tipkin* of Extor-

Sir

66 The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,

Sir Har. Nay, if you come to your *Items* — Look y' Mr. *Tipkin*,, this is an Inventory of such Goods as were left to my Neice *Bridget* by her deceas'd Father, and which I expect shall be forth-coming at her Marriage to my Son —

Imprimis, A golden Locket of her Mother's with something very ingenious in *Latin* on the inside of it —

Item, A couple of Musquets with two Shoulder-belts and Bandeliers.

Item, A large Silver Caudle-Cup, with a true Story engraven on it.

Pounce. But, Sir *Harry* —

Sir Har. *Item*, A Base-Viol with almost all the Strings to it, and only a small hole on the Back.

Pounce. But nevertheless, Sir —

Sir Har. This is the Furniture of my Brother's Bed-chamber that follows — A Suit of Tapestry Hangings, with the Story of *Judith* and *Holofernes*, torn only where the Head should have been off — an old Bedsted curiously wrought about the Posts, consisting of two Load of Timber. A Hone, a Basin, three Razors, and a Comb-case — Look ye, Sir, you see I can *Item* it.

Pounce. Alas, Sir *Harry*, if you had ten Quire of *Items*, 'tis all answer'd in the Word Retrospect.

Sir Har. Why then, Mr. *Pounce* and Mr. *Tipkin*, you are both Rascals.

Tip. Do you call me Rascal, Sir *Harry*?

Sir Har. Yes, Sir.

Tip. Write it down, Mr. *Pounce* — at the end of the Leaf.

Sir Har. If you have room, Mr. *Pounce* — Put down Villain, Son of a Whore, Curmudgeon, Hunks, and Scoundrel.

Tip. Not so fast, Sir *Harry*, he cannot write so fast, you are at the Word Villain — Son of a Whore, I take it, was next — You may make the Account as large as you please, Sir *Harry*.

Sir Har. Come, come, I won't be us'd thus — Hark y', Sirrah, draw — What do you do at this end

of

The ACCOMPLISH'D FOOLS. 67

of the Town without a Sword? — Draw, I say —

Tip. Sir Harry, you are a Military Man, a Colonel of the Militia.

Sir Har. I am so Sirrah, and will run such an Extorting Dog as you through the Guts, to show the Militia is useful.

Pounce. Oh dear, Oh dear! — How am I concern'd to see Persons of your Figure thus mov'd — The Wedding is coming in — We'll settle these things afterwards.

Tip. I am calm.

Sir Har. *Tipkin*, live these two Hours — but expect —

Enter Humphry leading Neice, Mrs. Clerimont led by Fainlove, Captain Clerimont and Clerimont, Sen.

Pounce. Who are these? Hey-day, who are these, Sir Harry? Ha!

Sir Har. Some Frolick, 'tis Wedding-day — no matter.

Hump. Haw, haw; Father — Master Uncle — Come, you must stir your Stumps, you must Dance — Come, old Lads, kiss the Ladies —

Mrs. Cler. Mr. *Tipkin*, Sir Harry, — I beg Pardon for an Introduction so *Mal-a-propos* — I know sudden Familiarity is not the *English* way — Alas, Mr. *Gubbin*, this Father and Uncle of yours must be new modell'd — How they stare both of them!

Sir Har. Hark y' *Numps*, who is this you have brought hither? is it not the famous fine Lady Mrs. *Clerimont* — What a Pox did you let her come near your Wife? —

Hump. Look y', don't expose your self; and play some mad Country Prank to disgrace me before her — I shall be laugh'd at, because she knows I understand better.

Mrs. Cler. I congratulate, Madam, your coming out of the Bondage of a Virgin State — A Woman can't do what she will properly 'till she's marry'd.

Sir Har. Did you hear what she said to your Wife?

Enter

68 *The TENDER HUSBAND: Or,*

Enter Aunt before a Service of Dishes.

Aunt. So, Mr. Bridegroom, pray take that Napkin, and serve your Spouse to-day, according to Custom.

Hump. Mrs. Clerimont, pray know my Aunt.

Mrs. Cler. Madam, I must beg your Pardon; I can't possibly like all that vast Load of Meat that you are sending in to Table — besides 'tis so offensively sweet, it wants that Haut-gout we are so delighted with in *France*.

Aunt. You'll pardon it, since we did not expect you. Who is this? *[Aside.*

Mrs. Cler. Oh, Madam, I only speak for the future, little Sawcers are so much more polite — Looky' I'm perfectly for the *French* way, where-e'er I'm admitted, I take the whole upon me.

Sir-Har. The *French*, Madam, — I'd have you to know —

Mrs. Cler. You'll not like it at first, out of a natural *English* Sullenness, but that will come upon you by degrees — When I first went into *France*, I was mortally afraid of a Frog, but in a little time I cou'd eat nothing else, except Sallads.

Aunt. Eat Frogs! have I kifs'd one that has eat Frogs — Paw! Paw!

Mrs. Cler. Oh, Madam — A Frog and a Sallad are delicious Fare — 'tis not long 'come up in *France* it self, but their Glorious Monarch has introduc'd the Diet which makes 'em so Spiritual — He eradicated all gross Food by Taxes, and for the Glory of the Monarch sent the Subject a grazing; but I fear I defer the Entertainment and Diversion of the Day.

Hump. Now Father, Uncle — before we go any further, I think 'tis necessary we know who and who's together — then I give either of you two Hours to guess which is my Wife — And 'tis not my Cousin — so far I'll tell you.

Sir

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Sir Har. How! What do you say? But oh! — you mean she is not your Cousin now — she's nearer a-kin, that's well enough — Well said *Numps* — Ha, ha, ha.

Hump. No, I don't mean so, I tell you I don't mean so — My Wife hides her Face under her Hat.

[*All looking at Fainlove.*]

Tip. What does the Puppy mean? His Wife under a Hat!

Hump. Ay, ay, that's she, that's she — a good Jest 'faith —

Sir Har. Hark y' *Numps* — what doff mean, Child — Is that a Woman, and are you really marry'd to her.

Hump. I am sure of both.

Sir Har. Are you so, Sirrah? then, Sirrah this is your Wedding-dinner, Sirrah, — Do ye see, Sirrah, Here's Roast-meat.

Hump. Oh ho! what, beat a marry'd Man! Hold him, Mr. *Clerimont*, Brother *Pounce*, Mr. Wife; No Body stand by a young marry'd Man!

[*Runs behind Fainlove.*]

Sir Har. Did not the Dog say, Brother *Pounce*? what, is this Mrs. *Ragou* — This Madam *Clerimont*? Who the Devil are you all, but especially who the Devil are you too?

[*Beats Humphry and Fainlove off the Stage, following.*]

Tip. [*aside.*] Master *Pounce*, all my Neice's Fortune will be demanded now — for I suppose that Red Coat has her — Don't you think you and I had better break?

Pounce. You may as soon as you please, but 'tis my Interest to be honest a little longer.

Tip. Well, *Biddy*, since you would not accept of your Cousin, I hope you han't dispos'd of your self elsewhere.

Neice. If you'll for a little while suspend your Curiosity, you shall have the whole History of my Amour to this my Nuptial-day, under the Title of the Loves of *Clerimont* and *Parthenissa*.

Tip. Then, Madam, your Portion is in safe Hands —

Cler.

70 *The TENDER HUSBAND, &c.*

Cler. Come, come, old Gentleman, 'tis in vain to contend; here's honest Mr. *Pounce* shall be my Engineer, and I warrant you we beat you out of all your Holds ———

Aunt. What then is Mr. *Pounce* a Rogue? he must have some Trick, Brother, it cannot be; he must have cheated t'other side, for I'm sure he's honest.

[*Apart to Tipkin.*

Cler. Sen. Mr. *Pounce*, all your Sister has won of this Lady, she has honestly put into my hands, and I'll return it her, at this Lady's particular Request.

[*To Pounce.*

Pounce. And the thousand Pounds you promis'd in your Brother's Behalf, I'm willing should be hers also.

Cler. Then go in, and bring 'em all back to make the best of an ill Game, we'll eat the Dinner, and have a Dance together, or we shall transgress all Form.

Re-enter Fainlove, Humphry, and Sir Harry.

Sir Har. Well, since you say you are worth something, and the Boy has set his Heart upon you, I'll have patience 'till I see further.

Pounce. Come, come, Sir *Harry*, you shall find my Alliance more considerable than you imagine, the *Pounce's* are a Family that will always have Money, if there's any in the World ——— Come, Fiddles,

D A N C E here.

Cler. You've seen th' Extremes of the Domestick Life.

A Son too much confin'd — too free a Wife;
By generous Bonds you either shou'd restrain,
And only on their Inclinations gain;
Wives to obey must love, Children revere,
While only Slaves are govern'd by their Fear.





EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. ESTCOURT.

BRitons, *who constant War, with factious Rage,*
For Liberty against each other wage,
From Foreign Insult save this English Stage.
No more th' Italian squaling Tribe admit,
In Tongues unknown; 'tis Popery in Wit.
The Songs (their selves confess) from Rome they bring
And 'tis High-Mass, for ought you know, they sing.
Husbands take care, the Danger may come nigher,
The Women say their Eunuch is a Friar.

But is it not a serious Ill to see
Europe's great Arbiters so mean can be;
Passive, with an affected Joy to sit,
Suspend their native Taste of Manly Wit;
Neglect their Comic Humour, Tragick Rage,
For known Defects of Nature, and of Age?
Arise for shame, ye Conqu'ring Britons rise.
Such unadorn'd Effeminacy despise;
Admire (if you will doat on foreign Wit)
Not what Italians Sing, but Romans Writ.
So shall less Works, such as to-night's slight Play,
At your Command with Justice die away;
'Till then forgive your Writers, that can't bear
You shou'd such very Tramontanes appear,
The Nations, which contemn you, to revere.

Let Anna's Soil be known for all its Charms;
As fam'd for Lib'ral Sciences, as Arms:
Let those Derision meet, who would Advance
Manners, or Speech, from Italy or France.
Let them learn You, who wou'd your Favour find,
And English be the Language of Mankind.

F I N I S.

EPICLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. ESTON



And English be the language of the world

FINIS

